

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"A Storm Of Swords"

(feat. Planetary)

[Planetary:]

Yo, serious syllable wordplay, verse spray
Like a desert bird plays, niggas where the curb lay
Turn pagen, pretty shitty on a church day
Your city my committee, tussle where the dirt stay
Smokers try to sell dirt trays to undercovers
Old heads feed kids, have to run the numbers
Damn shame niggas in my crew can't bang
You demand fame, here's my man frame, champagne
Swig to the wig, Belle vodka hit my rib
Corona beers with a slice of lemon first dig
On an open mic, growl follows, space over night
Destroying your perimeter, players and prototypes
(High powers) Lifting your soul through God's shower
Resurrected your spirit with lyrics for top dollars
My squad holler the loudest, y'all niggas childish
We grown folk here, spitting raw street knowledge

[Planetary, Vinnie Paz:]

Y'all can't touch us, cause we ain't fucking around
And y'all can't fuck with us, or else we bucking em down

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[Vinnie Paz:]

This animal rap, cannibal rap that we make
I hate all, hate law and hate jake
I hate everything that you stand for, it's fake
Cuz anybody biting the God's a day late
I maintain, handle beef Islamly
Manage my life calmly, like I was Gandhi
Fucking with Vinnie Paz, the one man army
It take a shank and metal tank to harm me
Come on b, why you trying to build
Why you trying to get ya whole entire family killed
I'm like a demon outta Amityville
I'm the motherfucking reason that you had any skill
With tight ill, crack ya head like when an egg drop
And put you in the figure-four leglock
And make ya head bop, cause we the rawest around
Vinnie Paz, with my man Stoupe holding me down

[Planetary, Vinnie Paz:]

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[Planetary (Vinnie Paz):]

Surrender and quit (or I'mma let the venomous spit)
Tremendous equip (we bugging off the Hennessy sip)

The weaponry hit (we hit you with the heavenly shit)
Only reason you live (cuz we at the end of the clip)
The energy split (young cats must be sick in the brain)
We hitting the vein (cuz all of y'all spitting the same)
We tripping the flame (and mounted all the chips in your chain)
We stick to the game (ran and inflicted the pain)
The stitches remain (and matter fact, we sonning y'all kids)
And after that we snatching up your son and your wiz
(We robbing the kids, and putting metal slugs in your wigs)
We stuck in the crib (frozen with your gut to the fridge)
We cutting ya ribs (Jed Mind stifling y'all)
We trifling fall (we pointing fucking rifles at y'all)
(You ain't icy at all, we provoke the sheisty to brawl)
If y'all sleep, Outerspace slicing your jaw

[Planetary, Vinnie Paz:]

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